

Lyrics by: Victoria Grans

Gaggle: Victoria

Tune: Drunken Sailor?

Date written or updated:

Corporations

You've got a brain and you've got a body you've got a face, though it's kind of spotty.
You've got a mission but, my, it's shoddy - you're the corporation.

Chorus:

We'll chop you up and limit your powers
there's no god in those ivory towers.
You can't take what should be ours. You're just a corporation.

You may be big and you may be smart
and everyone trembles when you fart.
But you're not alive if you haven't got a heart. You're just a fabrication.

Chorus.

You take our food and you take our water.
You don't care about any border.
You stop free speech and you finance slaughter - you're the corporation.

Chorus.